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THAD R. MANNING,
Editor and Prop'r.

"CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER."

SUBSCRIPTION
\$2.00 a Year.

VOL. VI.

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1887.

NO. 32.

ONE LIVED, THE OTHER DIED.

A woman formerly our slave is now our cook. About eighteen months ago she became sickly and had a cough and was confined to bed, and it was thought that she had consumption. The treatment by physicians failed to give relief. In December, 1884, a node or knot the size of a goose egg formed just above the pit of the stomach, which when touched discharged matter for 8 or 9 months. One of these so formed under her arm, and three on her back, which discharged matter for a considerable time. For six months of this time she was confined to the house, and most of the time in bed. The stomach often refused food, by rejecting what she ate and drank. She used a great deal of medicine, but failed to be cured. I thought one bottle of your B. B. B. (made in Atlanta, Ga.) and gave it to her and she commenced to improve. I then bought and gave her three bottles more, and she continued to improve and in two months time her cough had ceased, her constitution strengthened, appetite and digestion good, all discharges ceased, nodes or knots disappeared and she went to work apparently healthy and fattened up greatly.

This woman had a married sister of near same age who was afflicted in precisely the same way and at the same time. She had nodes or knots on pit of stomach, back, etc. She did not take any B. B. B. and the nodes on her stomach, a few through to the exterior. She continued on the decline and wasted away, and finally died.

These were two terrible cases of blood poison, one used B. B. B. and was speedily cured—the other did use it and did not. It is most assuredly a most wonderful blood purifier. I refer to merchants of this town. Yours truly,
W. T. ROBERTS, JR.,
Tulaloo, Ala., May 1, 1885.

A SHERIFF RELEASED.

For a period of sixteen years I have been afflicted with catarrh of the head which baffled the use of all medicines used. Seeing the advertisement of B. B. B. I purchased and used six or seven bottles, and although used irregularly have received great relief, and recommend it as a good blood purifier.

[Signed] J. K. HOLCOMB, JR.,
Sheriff of Hamilton county, Ga.
All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Blood Poison, Scrofula and Scalding Swellings, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail free, a copy of our 32-page Illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known. Address:
BLOOD BALM CO.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Planting Time HAS COME.

Now is the time to plant
IRISH POTATOES, and ONIONS,
CABBAGE, and
Lettuce, and
TOMATOES, and
RADISH, and
BEANS, and
PEAS, and
MUSTARD, and
KALE, and
SALSIFY, and
CARROT, and
PARSNIP.

ALSO SEED

PASTURES, MEADOWS
and LOTS, in ORCHARD, TIM-
OTHY, HERDS GRASS,
and RED and SAP-
PLING CLOVER
SEED.

I have a full stock of all seeds and will meet prices with anyone.

I SHALL CONTINUE

—To Improve My—

DRUG STOCK

until it is second to none South of Rich-
mond. My stock of
CIGARETTES, and
TOBACCO
is complete.

I have on hand and shall carry a larger stock of Paints and Painters' goods than ever before. First quality ground colors especially.

I carry at all times a nice line of ROY-
TER'S FRESH FRENCH CANDIES.

All Prescriptions

and family receipts entrusted to my care will receive my personal attention and only pure, fresh drugs used in filling them. In returning thanks to my friends and customers I ask for a continuance of their patronage, and assure them I will spare no efforts to deserve it. A good house, a long experience, and ample capital, I can and will make it to your interest to deal with me.

Very Respectfully,

Melville Dorsey.

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Main Street
R. R. 25, 1 c.

LOVE LETTERS.

MISS CLEVELAND WRITES ON THE SUBJECT.

And Speaks Familiarly About a Matter
She is Supposed to Have had Little
Experience in.

[Rose Elizabeth Cleveland.]

Some one was saying the other day that the art of writing love letters was a lost art. If so, it must be that love has gone rather out of fashion. It seems to us that whoever loves will naturally write an irreproachable love letter, if he allows his pen to report the emotions of his heart. To be sure, there are those prudent lovers who never put anything upon paper—that is, anything in particular—not exactly because they expect to be sued for a breach of promise some day, but because it is unsafe, and letters run a great risk, pass through innumerable hands, and pretty phrases and endearments are too precious to be endangered; others regard their emotions as too sincere and divine to be written out, and are afraid, perhaps, that they will savor of exaggeration; while others would like to express a great deal, but their thoughts fly awkwardly from the pen, and seem to lose all their significance. Many who can talk love and nonsense by the yard, lose their facility the instant they touch a pen; they need the electric presence of the object of inspiration, the retort, the response, or they write an essay, instead of a love letter; others, again, can produce the most gushing specimens of the art, but are dumb before the shrine. Of course the love letter which would seem like a drop of distilled honey to one recipient, would appear cold and calculated to another; one will idealize even the baldest possible expressions till they seem to shine with the radiance of love itself, while the other will have to say if he knew how; while to her neighbor the sweetest words will not suffice to fill the measure of her expectations and imagination, since she always anticipates something sweeter than human thought can frame. There are those who like to read from their love letters to a curious or envious audience; and others—a few—like Hawthorne, who wrote to his wife: "Your letters are too sacred to be read in the midst of people. I never read them," he adds, "without first washing my hands." One would hardly care for them if she could not boast of their possession and advertise it, another feels that they are almost too personal and dear to mention, and learns the contents by heart, as if they were so many poems, as indeed they are to her experience. The love letter must not be too long, nor yet too short, but of that just measure that the reader shall always wish there were yet a little more, if only a postscript; and it should be of that quality which suggests such lovely and tender thoughts, and a second perusal one is surprised to find that they are not expressed in so many words, so certain was she that they originated with the writer. The loveliest of all love letters, however, are those between husband and wife. As long as they continue, there will be no room for the serpent to enter. They are the bulwark of the home and the safety of life itself. Let them multiply as the leaves of the forest and shine as the stars in the heavens. The mail bags cannot be too heavily loaded with such loving missives. They are the salt of the earth.

Lovely Woman.

[Peck's Sun.]

Women, bless their dear hearts, if it was not for them men would soon degenerate and become savage, as of old; but gentle, confiding, lovable woman, with her soft, winning ways, appeals to all that is fine and noble in man's nature, and keeps him up to that level that he has succeeded in reaching. Even in battle, when he thinks as little of spilling the blood of his fellow-man as he would of killing a dog, when his animal passions are wrought up to such a degree that he resembles more the untutored savage than an intelligent being, the sight of a woman, or the sound of her voice, will act upon him like magic. He no longer has that thirst for blood, his hard face relaxes and becomes again soft and tender, and his mind turns to thoughts of better things. Now, if woman should suddenly be removed from our earth, and man, the alleged noblest work of God, should be left to paddle his own canoe, how long would it be ere he would go about armed to the teeth with an I-can-lick-my-weight-in-wildcats expression on his face. Murder and rapine would soon be in full sway, and he could hold his sword, or pull a trigger. Man is safe as long as he has the love of woman, or the chance to win it.

HOW LONG.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

If on my grave the Summer grass were growing,
Or heedless Winter winds across it blowing,
Through joyous June, or desolate December,
How long, sweetheart, how long would you remember,
How long, dear love, how long?
For brightest eyes would open to the Summer,
And sweetest smiles would greet the sweet dew-dropper,
And on young lips grow kisses for the taking.
When all the Summer buds to bloom are breaking,
How long, dear love, how long?
To the dim land where sad-eyed ghosts walk only,
Where lips are cold, and waiting hearts are lonely,
I would not call you from your youth's warm blisses—
Fill up your glass and crown it with new kisses,
How long, dear love, how long?
Too gay in June you might be to regret me,
And living lips might woo you to forget me.
But ah! sweetheart, I think you would remember,
When winds were weary in your life's December—
So long, dear love, so long.

Bill Arp Goes a Fishing.

I am going fishing to-morrow and stay all day. I will rig up a big wagon and take the children along and a big basket of lunch and we will fish and frolic and gather flowers and eat and talk and laugh and get dirty all day long. The signs are all right, for the dogwood is in bloom and the wind is in the South and it is the dark of the moon and I think I see myself jerking the big beam from under the log. Carl knows every hole in the creek and he can catch more fish than I can and don't try half as hard. Jessie wants to pick flowers, and I've promised her she may make in the branch, but her mother don't know it. Jessie comes to me and Carl goes to his mother for favors. What a pity grown folks can't be children once or twice in a while and wade in the branch too. The next time Judge Bleck goes to Screamer mountain to be a boy again and go barefooted and make hickory whistles and chestnut flies and catch spring lizards and crawfish and climb trees for birds' eggs, and make black ants fight, and run ground squirrels to their holes and dig angelica and kill snakes and rock hornets' nests and fight yaller jackets, I'm going with him. I'm tired playing man all the year long without recess. It is a sort of hypocritical life. I envy the children. The scriptures say "unless you be as one of these little ones ye shall not get to heaven." So it's time to begin and therefore I'm going a fishing. That's a good Scriptural occupation anyhow, for one of the disciples said "I go a fishing," and the other replied, "I go with thee also." They were just human like the rest of us. I wonder if they had any hooks and poles like we have. Going a fishing and coming from a fishing are two very different things. They are no kin. We fix up our hooks and lines and split bullets and rob every empty bottle and jug of its cork; and dig the back yard all to pieces for bait, and make great preparations, and imagine the fish are just waiting for us, and we can see the pole bending with a big one darting around, and that's pretty much all of it—imagination. But it is the most hopeful thing in the world. We swear off, but in a week or so we want to try it again. We most always hang one or two, and sometimes get a big one on the edge of the bank and he gets away. Right here the dictionary is at fault, for there is no word in it that fits the case—that expresses the inexpressible goodness of the occasion. It makes a fellow feel sick at the stomach.

Heaven is His Home.

An editor died and slowly wended his way down to where he supposed a warm reception awaited him. The devil met him and said: "For many years thou hast borne the blame for many errors that the printers made in the paper. The paper has gone, alas, for \$2, and the \$2, alas, has often failed to come in. The printers have been deceived thee for wages Saturday night when thou hast not one cent to thy name. Men have taken the paper without paying for it, and cursed thee for not getting up a better paper. Thou hadst been called a dead beat by the passenger conductors when thou hast shown thy annual pass to thy envious gaze. All these things thou hast borne in silence. Thou canst not come in here." And he fired him. As he did so he murmured to himself: "Heaven is his home, and besides, if he had let him come in here, he would have been continually dunning his delinquent subscribers, and thus created discord in my kingdom."

Read and advertise in the GOLD LEAF.

BASE BALL.

AS A WOMAN SEES THE GAME.

A Typical Type of Her Sex Descends About "The Diamond."

[Detroit Free Press.]

There is one lady in Indianapolis who will probably never become an enthusiastic admirer of our national game.

The individual to whom I refer is Mrs. McDuffy. I had the misfortune to occupy a seat adjoining hers during the opening game between the Detroit and the home club, and the following were the remarks on the occasion referred to:

"I don't see why some women can't understand base ball. If there is any thing about it that I can't see through it will be strange, said she to her husband. Who are those big fellows over there?"

"Why, the 'Big Four,' of course," said he.

"Oh, yes, how stupid I am. I suppose that is Jay Gould watching the Big Four so closely. Didn't he say 'one strike'?" He is responsible for those dreadful strikes, isn't he? Do you think the men will strike to-day?"

"Great Heavens, woman, are you crazy? That is the umpire. Can't you keep quiet and watch the game?" he growled.

"Certainly I will," she said. "But where is the Detroit team? I haven't seen a team to-day any different from Indianapolis horses. Do they bring them right out on the grounds?"

I should think they would get frightened in such a crowd as this and kick and cut up awfully. Do you think they will?"

"It is possible," he answered resignedly. "There are some kicking teams."

"I am so glad I am up here out of danger. What did that man do then?"

"Struck a foul—"

"Struck a poor, innocent fowl! The hateful thing! I didn't see any fowl. What kind was it? What are they cheering for?"

"Thompson caught a fly."

"Now Mr. McDuffy, don't sit there and tell me you could see anything so small as a fly at this distance. Besides it's too early for flies. What do they want to stop in a game of base ball to catch flies for any way? Do tell me what that man is acting so silly about?"

"Trying to steal a base."

"The wicked thief! Where is the base?"

"Over there," explained McDuffy. "That is the first base, that other the second, and this one nearest, the third."

"Are they, indeed, and is the soprano in the middle, I suppose?"

"Ah, yes," groaned McDuffy, "you're getting it down fine."

"See, that naughty man has knocked the ball clean out of sight—wasn't that mean! Don't you suppose they'll discharge him? What are they cheering for now?—Making a home run? Well I should think he would and stay there too, after such an exhibition of temper. What—did you say they were going to whitewash them? Do they just whitewash them all over—face and all?"

"Ah," said McDuffy savagely, "you've got it now. That's the way they fix them, and afterwards calcimine them, and fresco them, and dodo them, and put on French roofs. How proud I am of you, Mrs. McDuffy, all you need is a whitewash brush to be a full fledged member of the Lime Kiln Club."

How funny you are, Mr. McDuffy. Did that man say they were giving the visitors goose eggs? Now, what do they want with goose eggs in a game of ball? It's getting worse and worse. I don't see what people go crazy over base ball for, any way. I understand the game, as far as that is concerned, but there's nothing in it. If there is anything smart in bringing out thousands of people to watch them catch flies and try to steal a base, and the Lord knows what else—I can't see it. The next thing they'll be bringing in that team and they'll kill somebody, and I don't propose to stay to see it. If you'll just see me to the carriage, Mr. McDuffy, I'll go home. I've had all the base ball I want."

The disgusted lady departed, to the evident satisfaction of her husband, who soon returned to enjoy the remainder of the game in peace.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth rolling prosperity.

We ought to love life; we ought to desire to live here so long as God ordains it; but let us not so encase ourselves in time that we cannot break the crust and begin to throw out shoots for the other life.

Woman's Love.

[The Tobacco Grower.]

Of all the passions, woman's love is the holiest, purest, and most steadfast. It is a flower that blooms alike in sunshine and shadow; an evergreen of the heart; a thing imperishable amid the perishable. The object upon which she places her love and affection, may, as is often the case, prove unworthy of her, yet she is unchangeable, her clinging, tender, holy love never wavers. How often in our walk through life have we seen the grand reality of woman's love—have seen her enter the gilded saloon of intemperance, and strive to win the husband, father, or brother away from the vintage that kills—aye, even helping him who at the consecrated altar promised to love, cherish and protect her up from the gutter, with the filth of his degradation upon him, and guiding his staggering footsteps along the city's streets, clinging to him amid it all, though her pure, white brow be suffused with shame from the coarse jests of the passing crowd.

With man it is different. He may love fondly and, as he thinks, devotedly, yet his love is subject to many temporary cessations; with the dear one out of sight his thoughts will often stray to others; he will toy with beauty wherever he can, and for the time being, forget her who in thought, word and deed is as true to him as the needle to the pole. Men will often indulge in what they term "a slight flirtation;" that is, conceive a slight attachment for some pure, gentle woman, accompany her constantly in her walks and pastimes and for the time being give her every attention required by a professed lover, then, all of a sudden grow tired and desert her. This is dishonorable, ungentlemanly, and above all things, the most heartless and cruel thing he could be guilty of, for she may have conceived a tender passion for him, and the love of a pure, virtuous woman is the grandest, holiest treasure man can win; it brings him a glimpse of the lost Eden, and makes his life a dream of Heaven. If he has won her holy, sinless love, what remedy has she? None. She cannot drive away her sorrowful memories by mingling in scenes of gayety and mirth; she cannot quench her sorrow in the flow of the bottle, amid the clash of glasses, the bacchanalian song, or go down to death amid the shocks of battle—no, she must pine in secret ever hoping and longing for the false one's return, yet ever doomed to disappointment. Then we say to him who glories in a stainless manhood, and an untarnished honor, trifle not with woman's love.

How to Enjoy Life.

[Charlotte Chronicle.]

An unknown contemporary gives us the following outlines and philosophical sentiments on "how to enjoy life," and if we will read it up carefully and practice it the beneficial results cannot be mistaken or its wisdom go unimproved. In the first place much depends in this life on how we take things. There are some people who are always grumbling, always complaining. Nothing suits them. Everything goes wrong. If the weather is clear, it is rather too warm or too cold. There is snow when there should be rain, and rain when there should be fair skies. Matters in a business and social way are never all right. The world itself revolves in an opposite direction. Such people are born fussing. They grow up fussing, and they fuss on until they fuss themselves into early graves.

It does seem sometimes as if this class of people is always increasing. Perhaps it is due to the sharp competition and rapid motion and steady strain of our nineteenth century civilization. Perhaps it is due to the individual rivalry of our day. But whatever the reason may be the fact is a mistake.

The way to enjoy life is to infuse into it all the contentment we can. We should look at the changes of the weather philosophically. We should be mutually tolerant of one another, and do unto others as we would have others to do unto us. We should not reach out after the earth when we know that the earth is big enough for several billions of people just as deservingly as ourselves.

A good conscience, a pure heart and a contented mind—these form the subject of a long and happy life.

Dr. Talmage has found a simple solution for the complication with Canada. He says that this great continent will soon be under one great government, and this will be brought about by the United States proposing marriage to Canada. "And when Uncle Sam," says the Doctor, "offers his hand and heart to Miss Canada, Canada will blush and look down, and thinking of her allegiance across the sea, will say like the shy maiden that she is: 'Ask mother.'"

EDUCATIONAL.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION THE THING.

Industrial Education in the School House.

[National Republican.]

All over the country we find the cry for "industrial education" in the schools, and most particularly in the public schools, which are paid for by the people's money. There is great reason for this. The boys and girls of the country are not taught, as they should be, that labor dignifies men and women—that it is the primal law of nature that every animate thing on earth must labor in some way or other, and there is a growing demand that labor should be practically taught in the schools.

There have been and are now a number of industrial schools, such as the Cooper Union Trade Schools, Technical Institute, and others of that class, which may be regarded as the colleges and universities of industrial education, but the demand is for the college course, and which gives to the child not only the desire for honorable labor, but trains his mind, and also trains its hands so that it can become proficient and skillful in whatever branch of manual labor it may select as a life work.

As the schools are now conducted the child is taught that knowledge obtained from books is all that is valuable to it, and this necessarily leads the immature mind to look upon manual labor as degrading and unworthy any one who has acquired knowledge from books. And this is not all the evil wrought, for, while the mind is led astray, the hands are left in ignorance of what they can do.

Every one of the advanced grades of the public schools should teach manual labor. Of course we do not propose to say that the boys and girls should be indiscriminately set to work at ditching or well-digging, but the tools of the craftsman should be provided and the boys learned the use of them. Each boy would select those to which his mind had an inclination, and when the selection was made an hour or two hours' labor each day should be regularly required.

This would probably lessen the number of studies and so much the better. The differential calculus and the knowledge of how Xenophon conducted his retreat from Persia might not be acquired before the youth left the school house, but he would know, instead of these, how to frame a building, make a stairway, plaster a house, lay a brick wall, set this article in type, or some one of a hundred other things through which he could make an honorable living and provide for a comfortable old age.

And the girls should be taught to sew and knit and cook and do all the other work that is required of a woman, besides which they could be instructed in the lighter arts of labor, so that they, too, when they left the school room, would be ready for any career that fortune or fate placed before them. They might not be so proficient in algebra or be able to jabber in bad French, but they would be better prepared for the battle of life.

Books do not contain all the knowledge of the world, nor can all the people of the United States become professional men and women. The supply of these now more than equals the demand, and the public school system in all our cities and towns is gradually but surely engraving upon the minds of our youth the false idea that manual labor is degrading to the educated man or woman, and yet the truth is that they are capable, because of their education of performing this labor better than any one else.

Guard Your Actions.

[Allenport Genius.]

The young man who is going to be the successful business or professional man of the future does not spend his weekday nights in "club room," gambling and worse. He is a bar room lounge or a guzzler of beer. There are scores of young fellows whom advice is wasted who think it smart and manly thing to sow wild oats, and are hard at it, believing that nobody knows how they spend their evenings and expecting to take a turn for the better. They are deceived. Their present habits are known to more than they imagine and nine out of ten of them go from bad to worse until health ruined, they rush into the ranks of the criminal or pauper classes or fill untimely graves. How many generous hearted fellows do you know who started out well, but at forty are ruined and broken because they are "good fellows" who have lots of "fun with the boys"? Boys, remember that whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye also reap. Guard well your actions!

It's a long way from boy-hood to man-hood; much toil and study from matriculation to graduation; a deal of persistent work and application between what we are and what we would be. We don't reach them at one bound. Little by little life's purposes are accomplished.



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